

# The Mirror

OF  
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## Chapel and House of Mr. Smith, at Demerara.



In the eighty-seven Numbers of the *Mirror* already before the public, had not been sufficient to prove that we equally avoid religious controversy and political discussion, some explanation might be necessary in introducing a subject intimately connected with both; but, as we shall not deviate from a course which has been so honoured with public approbation, our merely stating the fact will be deemed sufficient.

It is known to the public that Mr. Smith was the missionary at Demerara, during an insurrection of the Negroes in that colony in August last. He was accused of being privy to the revolt, and of assisting in the rebellion; was arrested, and tried by a court-martial, which continued for some weeks, found guilty, and condemned to death, but recommended to mercy to his Majesty, who was no sooner acquainted with the circumstances, than a free pardon was sent out for Mr. Smith. Unhappily it arrived too late; for his health, which had been long in a bad state, got worse, and he sunk under his confinement a few hours before the royal mercy reached Demerara. This event has excited great interest in the religious world, and numerous petitions have been presented to

Parliament, praying that the sentence on Mr. Smith may be reversed. For reasons already stated we decline entering into any examination as to the extent of Mr. Smith's guilt or innocence, nor shall we deviate from our accustomed rule next week, when we shall give a memoir of his life, and a fac-simile of his hand-writing in the last letter he ever wrote. This week we present a view of the Chapel, and the House in which he resided, at Demerara, and we doubt not they will prove acceptable to all our readers.

The colony of Demerara, to which Mr. Smith was sent out a missionary, in December, 1816, is situated in Dutch Guiana, on the east coast of South America. It is bounded on the east by the colony of Barbice, and on the west by that of Essequibo. For about 20 miles inland, along the banks of the river Demerara, the country consists of extensive meadows. Plantations, chiefly of sugar, coffee, and cotton, are regularly ranged on each side of the river. The culture of rice has also been introduced. The river, which is about two miles in breadth at its mouth, affords an excellent harbour for ships; but a bar prevents the sailing of large ships up the river, which, however, is

navigable for smaller vessels nearly 100 miles. The population of the united colony of Demerara and Essequibo, is estimated as follows:—

Whites, (among whom there are probably not more than 150 ladies,) about	3,000
Free blacks, and coloured people, about	3,000
Slaves	72,000
Total,	78,000

The mission to Demerara was undertaken by the London Missionary Society in the year 1808, in consequence of an application of Mr. Post, a respectable Dutch planter, who possessed the estate called *Le Resouvenir*, situated about eight miles from the principal town, then called *Staarbrook*, but now *George Town*.—On this estate stand the Chapel and dwelling of the late Mr. Smith, surrounded by colonial scenery, as represented in the prefixed engraving.

Prior to the establishment of this mission, Mr. Post had taken much laudable pains with his slaves, and for a considerable time he kept a schoolmaster purposely to instruct them. The directors of the Missionary Society, having some knowledge of these circumstances, considered his application for a missionary as a call, which they durst not disregard. They accordingly sent out Mr. John Wray, who, on his arrival, was received by Mr. Post with true christian hospitality.

Mr. Wray immediately entered upon his work, and found the poor Negroes very ready and willing to hear sermons, so that additional seats were, from week to week, provided for their accommodation. The congregation increased so much, that it was soon found necessary to build a Chapel, which was opened Sept. 11, 1808. About 700 people assembled, and Mr. Wray preached from *Luke xix. 9*. "This day is salvation come to this house." This Chapel was erected chiefly at the expense of Mr. Post, who laid out for the place of worship, and the minister's House, more than a thousand pounds!—a noble example of liberality! This good man, who did not live long to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the increasing fruits of his labours, died on the 23rd of April, 1809; and within the building, at the west end, a stone, bearing a suitable inscription, has been erected to his memory.

The Chapel itself, in which a gallery has lately been erected, like all other buildings in the colony, is entirely of wood. It is 70 feet long, and, in the widest part, about 50 broad, but in the nar-

rowest not more than 40. Its exact shape cannot easily be described. It is neither round nor octagonal, neither square nor a parallelogram. The pulpit is at the east end. There is only one glass window, and this is small, and so situated, that the light it admits is thrown on the top of the sounding-board, on which account it is rendered nearly useless. The other windows, which resemble Venetian blinds, but are much longer, the colonists call *jalousies*. They do not open and shut like windows, but merely turn up and down, as blinds are turned to admit the light or exclude the sun. Hence, when rain descends during the service, the *jalousies* are shut, and both minister and congregation are nearly in the dark. The situation of the Chapel is in a populous district, being surrounded with plantations containing multitudes of slaves. Extending along the coast eastward about four miles, and just about the same distance in a westwardly direction, the enslaved negroes belonging to the different plantations have been estimated at 10,000, of whom the greater number were permitted to attend public worship.

Those who compose the congregations present a motley appearance. Some of the free black girls come to the Chapel in fine white lace veils and silk stockings, with a reticule to hold their pocket handkerchiefs, and their fingers sparkling with gold and diamond rings. Many of the slaves, on the contrary, come almost naked.

The attention of the blacks to religious instruction, and its happy influence on their hearts and lives, were such as to encourage the directors to send another missionary, Mr. John Davies, who settled at George Town, and built a Chapel there. He was afterwards joined by Mr. Elliot, who had previously laboured in the island of Tobago, and who has built a second Chapel in George Town, and also recently erected another on the west coast of the Demerara river. Both the congregations are large. The members of the churches diligently employ themselves in the instruction of others, by teaching them the catechism. The scriptures are highly valued, and read by many. Auxiliary missionary societies have been established at all the Chapels, and considerable sums cheerfully contributed by the slaves, from their scanty pittance, for the general cause of missions.

In the year 1813, Mr. Wray having received an invitation from some gentlemen, who had the management of the crown estates in the neighbouring colony of Berbice, removed from Demerara, with the consent of the directors, to establish a

mission there, and has since built a Chapel at New Amsterdam.

Mr. Smith, whose melancholy fate we have had to record, succeeded Mr. Wray at Resouvenir, where he continued his ministerial labours with the most encouraging prospect of success, until the late revolt among the slaves, the consequence of which cost him his life. In the course of two years he baptized about one hundred and eighty adults, and his congregations were large and attentive.

### A SONG OF A FINE SCOT, OR "JOCKIE IS GROWN A GENTLEMAN."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the course of some researches which I have lately made, amongst a splendid collection of the invaluable, literary treasures of this country, I found the following version of the ballad "*Jockie is grown a Gentleman*," published in your 84th Number, from Collet's Relics of Literature. It differs much from your copy, and as I conceive from the language, as well as the place in which I met with it, that it is perhaps more likely to be from the original than that given by Collet, who, by the way, gives no authority for his ballad. I have sent it to you; if on perusal you think the subject worth a second reflection in your MIRROR, it is at your service. The thing itself is trifling, but I think in all matters which refer to the political and popular feelings of past ages, we should be as correct as possible,—the proper alternative is to be silent.

The ballad I send you is extracted "*verbatim et literatim*" from the MS. diary of a Mr. John Sanderson, an English merchant, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, resided for many years in the east, as factor for the Turkey Company; he returned to England in 1602, and his diary, which embraces a period of fifty years, 1560 to 1610, is an interesting compendium of amusement and information, and is preserved among the Lansdown MSS. in the British Museum; it is chiefly in his own hand writing, and contains a little of every thing, and there are some very pretty touches of poetic feeling interspersed. At the top of the leaf which contains the ballad, he has written, "*A Song of a fine Skott, given me by Sir H. Boyer.*"—This, from its place in the MS., was probably in 1607, but there is no date on the page.

May I, while I am thus trespassing, express a wish for you to suggest to your

correspondents T. A. C. p. 292, No. 82, and W. F. p. 325, No. 84, that if they will take the trouble of looking to Bishop Milner's elaborate History of Worcester, in 4to., or to Ball's Historic Guide and Descriptive Walks through that royal and ancient City, published in 8vo., 1818, they will find all their doubts as to the place of interment of the glorious Alfred, solved upon authorities that are unimpeachable, without being necessitated to rely upon the questionable statements of Biographical Dictionaries, some of which, like other works of a general nature, frequently advance matters incapable of authentication.

I am, &c.

C. H.

June 1, 1824.

### "A SONG OF A FINE SKOTT."

"How now Joky—whither away?—a wounde or twee, I pray thee staye—  
For thou arte in thy rich araye—moote like a gallant freshe and gaye."

By my Fay,—and by Saint Aun,  
Joky will prove a Gentillman.

"The Shooes thou had on, when thou went to Flowe, was made of the Hide of some oulde Cowe,  
Is turn'd to Spanish Leather now—bedect with Boes I knowe not howe."

By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Stockinges made of the Northern heve—  
which scarce cost xijd. beinge newe,  
Is turned nowe to Silken blew—  
which semeth strange unto my weve."

By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Garters made of the List full graye—  
which yow from the Taylor didst stele eche daye,  
Is turned nowe to Silke full gaye—with Tassels of Gould and Silver I saye."

By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Hose and thy Doublet, which were full playne—  
whereof great store of Lice containe,  
Is turned nowe, well fare thy braine—that can by begginge, this maintayne."

By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Jerkin made of the Northern Gray—  
which thou hast wore this manie a daye,  
Is turned nowe to Spruce full gay—  
more sweeter than the Flowers in Maye."

By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Gerdill made of the whit-lether—change—  
which thou hast wore God knows howe lange,  
Is turned nowe to Velvet strange, imbrathered with Gould and Pearles shange."

By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Band, which thou didst use to weare—  
which scarce was washed iii times a yere,  
Is turned nowe to Cambricke cleve—with broad Bone Lace up to the Eare."

By my Fay, &c.

"Thy blew Bonnet when thou came bether—  
which kept thy Face from winde and wether,  
Is throwne away, and who can tell whether  
And thou arte in thy Bonnet and Felther."

By my Fay, &c.

"The Breakfast thou gott every daye—was but Pense bread and kele full graye,  
Is turned nowe to chere full gaye—serv'd to thy Tabet in rich araye."

By my Fay, &c.

" Thy Diner thou gott at all a clock—for wante  
of Meate went twice to the Pott,  
Is turned now—most haplie lost—that such  
good luckighth as a Skott.

By my Fay, &c.

" When Supper time did come at night—yow  
wente to bedd with Stomach lighte,  
Met now a second course, in sighte—is seene  
uppon thy Table righte.

By my Fay, &c.

" Butt yf this happ doe still Indure—Inglande  
att lengt he will growe full poore,  
Therefore, good Kinge, graunt them no more—  
for it afflicts thy subjects sore.

Yf this be trewe—by Sweet St. Ann,  
Jokye will be noe Gentillman "

## ON VEGETABLE REVIVIFICATION.

(For the Mirror.)

For the 77th and 80th Numbers of the *MIRROR*, some cases of "Animal Revivification" were inserted; by way of sequel, the following instances are now given to show the existence of a similar property in vegetables.

The *bryssus* is possessed of this property in an eminent degree. It is that green-matted, fibrous substance, which is seen to cover the surface of stagnant water, and, by an inattentive observer, may not unfrequently be taken for the aquatic lentil, commonly called *duck-wood*, from which, however, it materially differs. It consists of an immense variety of fibres possessing neither roots, nor leaves, nor any regular structure, but shooting forth in all directions, and so strongly intermingled with each other, as to form a compact matting, which, although it may be torn asunder, no art can disentangle. It is not only capable of propagation by the most minute fragments, however rudely detached, but it also retains the principle of revivification for years together when in a desiccated state. If the water in which the *bryssus* is found be withdrawn from it,—dried, shrivelled up, and broken into innumerable fragments, it appears utterly destroyed: suffer, however, the water to be replaced, it speedily resumes its former healthful appearance, nor can any lapse of time deprive it of this property.

The *tremella*, although its history is not so well understood as is that of the *bryssus*, is classed as a variety of the latter, which it in many particulars resembles. Some writers, however, from its fibres admitting of a great diversity of movements, seemingly spontaneous, have been induced to refer it rather to the class of animal, than of vegetable, existence. It is considered to possess the principle of revivification equally with the *bryssus*; and may, probably, be not in-

aply deemed a link of that chain which so intimately connects the animal with the vegetable kingdom.

The *lichen* is another class of vegetables, which, although bearing seed, will admit of being propagated also by small fragments of the leaves. These fragments retain their vegetative power in a dry state for a very considerable period; and being scattered by the winds, are abundantly deposited upon every substance calculated to promote their growth. To the multiplicity of minute plants, thus produced, which individually elude the naked eye, is that discolouration so perceptible on trees, walls, and other objects, attributable.

Another kind of vegetable production to which we shall refer, is that commonly called *mouldiness*, which is found in great profusion on certain decaying substances. This vegetable appears to be endowed with the power of propagating itself more universally, and by maturing its growth more rapidly, than, perhaps, any other substance in nature. A seed will spring up and perfect itself in less than three days; and it has been computed that from one single seed in this short space of time, one million of seeds are produced. So indestructible is the vegetative quality of these seeds, that they have been found to retain that principle, after having been experimentally exposed to a strong degree of heat, by being roasted over red-hot coals.

A most extraordinary power of vegetable revivification has been attributed to the *rose of Jericho*; but, as we are not possessed of details sufficiently accurate to enter into a description of this production, we may, perhaps, be allowed to solicit an account of it from some one of the intelligent correspondents of the *MIRROR*, who, with the ability, may possess the inclination to devote a short portion of his lucubrations to a subject which, though comparatively trifling, is not the less calculated to lead the mind through nature up to nature's God.

May 21, 1821.

LIOLETT.

## ARITHMETIC.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In your interesting account of Arithmetic, you observe that the inventor of decimals is unknown, and you also mention Regiomontanus to be the man who first used them; permits me to inform you, that I have the authority of a very old standard work to say, that Johannes Regiomontanus was the first inventor as well as user of decimals,

which he employed in the room of sexton-geists, in the construction of his tables, &c. A. D. 1464; that our countryman Buckleus was the next who used them, but that the first who wrote an express treatise on decimals, was Stevinus, in the year of our Lord, 1580. I beg pardon for taking up so much of your room, but my wishing to afford every information in my power will, I hope, plead the excuse of

LECTOR SPECUL.

#### ON THE DEATH OF A BLOOMING GIRL TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

ALL sounds of Music, Mirth, or Harmony,  
Have ceased to dwell upon the list'ning ear:  
Within those walls, dull Melancholy hath  
Usurp'd the seat of joyous greeting, all  
There is silent gloom and sadness.  
The lyre, whose strings were wont to tremble  
'neath  
Her snowy fingers, and swell to rapture  
By her touch in sweet, delicious concord,  
Alas! now silent, yet more eloquent  
Than all the rhetoric of pedant schools  
Proclaims th' eternal absence of—CHARLOTTE.  
Behold, yon towering oak, amid the blast  
Of many a hurricane hath stood  
Proudly erect, now bow'd beneath the shock  
That tore his lovely acorn from its bed,  
It is her Father.—See again, that form  
In melancholy clad, pensive she sits,  
Nor seems to know ought else but sorrow.  
'Tis deep, tho' still, alas! no voice so sweet  
As that which vibrates in her list'ning ear  
Can e'er restore her lost, her envied happiness.  
Her form and visage now seem bending o'er  
The recollection of her darling child:  
She is the mother of that fair one.—Death  
Hath robbed her of her only comfort. T. W. W.

#### SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—A constant reader of the MIRROR wishes to know, where he can obtain an account of the ancestors of Sir John Hawkins, the great Admiral. I should recommend him to search "Prince's Worthies of Devonshire,"—"Polwhale's History of Devonshire,"—and "Tenures and Titles by which Estates were anciently held in England," which was written in French; and a translation of it, with a Commentary, form the first book of Coke's "Institutes." The author was Sir Thomas Littleton, an English lawyer and judge, who flourished in the fifteenth century, eldest son of Thomas Westcote, Esq. of Devonshire, by the heiress of Littleton, of Frankley, in Worcestershire, whose name he assumed. Sir John Hawkins was born at Plymouth, in 1530, (therefore some trace may be found in the above works) he is said to have been the first person who set on foot the infamous traffic in slaves, which at that period, does not seem to have militated against the

feelings of the most enlightened and humane of our countrymen—he even bore the badge of this wicked trade in a crest of arms granted him by patent, consisting of a "*demimoor in his proper colour, bound with a cord.*" In 1588, he was appointed Rear-Admiral, on-board the Victory, to confront the famous Armada. He died in 1595, it is said of vexation, on account of an unsuccessful attempt on the enemies' possessions in the West Indies and the Canaries. He possessed great courage, and was much beloved by his seamen, to whom he was extremely affable. He had a son, who was brought up to a maritime life, and distinguished himself in the action against the Spanish Armada. He died in 1622, as he was attending on business in the privy council.—See also *Campbell's Lives of the Admirals.* F. T. W.

#### THE MAN IN THE MOON.

(For the Mirror.)

As the Man in the Moon,  
On a dull afternoon,  
Lay dozing in his elbow-chair;  
A noise at the door,  
Shook the roof and the floor,  
And set the whole house on a stare.  
Cried he to his wife,  
"As sure as life,  
Those thieves from old Mars would come in,  
To plunder the house,  
So go my dear spouse,  
And fetch out that bottle of gin.  
"Let's all have a drop,  
Our courage to prop,  
Before we begin to resist  
Those vagabond foes,  
And then, by Old Joe's,  
We'll shew them the use of a fist.  
"But make fast the lock,  
Then thy ear just cock  
To the key-hole, (but mind you're not seen)  
And give me to know,  
In a minute or so,  
Where you think that the catiffs have been."  
On tip-toe she bled,  
And her ear applied:  
(Such ladies may often be seen,  
When they'd get at the root  
Of a secret on foot,  
At the risk of each bone in their skin.)  
But not satisfied  
With list'ning, she spied  
Through a crevice beside the door post:  
When she saw a grim figure,  
Tall, ghastly, and meager,  
And scream'd out, "By jingo, a Ghout!"  
This made the brats squall—  
The old ones to bawl—  
Loud enough to be heard at the Nore;  
Till with a dread knock,  
Off flew the old lock,  
And smack on the ground came the door:  
When a stranger stalked in  
With a horrible grin,  
Like that which old Milton describes,  
And ask'd, "What's the matter,  
Why make all this clatter?  
Come, be not so free with your gibes:

"Assuage your alarm,  
I mean you no harm,  
But would give you a word of advice,  
Which, if you could take,  
A fortune you'd make,  
As some have below in a trice.

"You must know that on earth  
There was a great dearth,  
Of what is there called moon-light,  
And folks would remark,  
'To be left in the dark  
For a week in each month is not right:

"We'll try, if we can,  
To hit on a plan,  
That shall this inconvenience remove,  
By having a light  
That will shine every night,  
In lieu of that dull thing above."

"In profound consultation  
They assembled one nation  
In all its great cities *en masse*:  
When men of invention  
Declared their intention,  
To light up old *Terra* with gas."

This was no sooner said,  
With a nod of the head,  
Then the *Old One* began to look glum.  
"With gas, Sir," said he;  
"What the deuce can that be?"  
But the stranger on this head was mum.

"Why, you only thus joke,—  
'Tis a *bottle of smoke*;  
There's naught that can equal a Moon:  
To be sure it is worn,  
And, in some places, torn,  
With the scrubbing it gets every noon:

"Yet, to lighten your mazes,  
I've turn'd all the phases  
That have any locker left on;  
But as to its blotches—  
Its bulges, and notches,  
Why, all things will have them when gone.

"I can swear that I have  
Ever work'd like a slave,  
And worn off my fingers each nail,  
In making it shine,  
And, I thought, to look fine;  
But to please *all* we're sure to fail.

"As I can't satisfy,  
Then let them just try  
This gas-light, whatever it be:  
I shall have the same wages  
As I've had for these ages;  
So, therefore, 'tis nothing to me!"

"This may be all true,  
And nothing to you,"  
Said the stranger, "how things go below;  
Yet, of this I am sure  
(And my motive is pure)  
You're to blame if you let them be so."

"So he is," said the wife;—  
"The quarrel and strife  
We've had 'bout that clumsy machine;—  
The thrashings I've had,—  
The lass, and the lad,  
Have made us ashamed to be seen.

"We've endur'd quite enough  
Of usage so rough,  
And will not go on in this way;  
And if our friend Gas  
Can his scheme bring to pass,  
To do it we'll not lose a day."

"I am sure I can,"  
Replied the wise man,  
"In a twelvemonth or so from this date;  
And as certain it would  
Be of infinite good,  
If you do not delay till too late."

"Well, do as you will,  
I'll not pay the bill,"  
Said the old one, "however it end;  
Invent what you please,  
I'll sit at my ease,—  
To meddle will never pretend."

'Twas left to these two  
The job to get through  
Of producing perpetual light;  
But some have a notion  
This *perpetual motion*  
Will end in perpetual night:

And we must not wonder,  
If by some strange blunder,  
They blow up themselves and the place,  
And send the moon twirling,  
And this world a-whirling,  
Like comets through infinite space:

Till the sulphur and gas  
Blend the both in one mass,  
And run foul of some other world;  
When, in wild conflagration,  
This beauteous creation  
To chaos again shall be hurld!

Now all those who fear  
May-day the next year,  
Should Parliament humbly petition,  
To stop this mad plan,  
As soon as it can,  
By prompt and wise interposition.

INCOMPAN.

## THE TONGA LEANDER;

### A ROMANTIC STORY.

THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

There was a tyrannical governor at Vavao, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection; it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and had kept this secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it,—there women swim like mermaids,—she dived after him, and rose in the cavern; in the widest part it is about fifty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same; the roof hung with stalactites. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume herself; here he visited her as often as was consistent



with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander, wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependants, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji islands. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her; jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed, at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water.

This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have, to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavau, where they long enjoyed a tranquil and happy life. A Poem, "The Ocean Cavern," has been founded on this story.

M. N.

## LINES

*Sail to have been written by a Lady to her Lord, soon after his quitting England.*

Still, still away, my Edgar, still  
Absent from her, thy wedded love?  
Oh! when wilt thou again fulfil  
Those hopes that none but lovers prove.  
What say I? absence may have changed  
The generous feelings of thy soul;  
Thou may'st from fair to fair have ranged,—  
Can love seduction's lure control?  
"Can it?" methinks I hear thee cry,  
"Not oft in Mau,—in Woman ne'er;  
It is but flattery, swear, and sigh—  
And whose is then the flower so fair?  
"Tis thine—'tis mine—'tis his, and now  
Her smiles some other eye may meet;  
Affection glides, as wont, her brow;  
What sways her bosom? dark Deceit."  
Forbear, dear Edgar, oh! forbear,  
I feel thy satire—own it true,  
For thou hast been deceived—yet spare  
Nor lash the many for the few.  
There have been—may be—*are*, who smile  
Upon the man that most they hate,  
With sighs and looks of love beguile  
His fears, deceive—and call it—Fate.\*  
Yes—there *are* such, but 'tis not those  
That own the sacred name of wife;  
Still pure, for ever, ever flows,  
Unswollen flows *their* stream of life.  
The mistress, whom but Passion binds  
At Passion's call may faithless prove,  
But she enchain'd by hymen finds  
In one alone an equal love.  
Then haste thee to thy wife's fond arms,  
Haste, haste, forego the wreath of fame—  
Still strong her love, if faint her charms,  
And Delia lisps her father's name.

\* But when weak woman goes astray  
The stars are more in fault than they.  
*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Tript, tempt no more the watery plain.  
No more to distant regions roam;  
But, seek thy native fields again,  
Thy wife, thy daughter, and thy home.

ALPHEUS.

## FASHIONABLE BLINDNESS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR.—I am not averse to the good folks of the present age, paying due attention to fashion; but, when it is carried to an extravagant degree, it makes me exclaim, *O, tempora O, mores*. Zimmermann says, "Folly sways the sceptre of the world, and all, more or less, wear her livery, her fools' caps, and the insignia of her order." So I thought the other day, when I observed a friend of mine, with a quizzing-glass dangling before him; not for the purpose of remedying a defect in the organs of vision, but because he considered it fashionable. I lately met with the following lines, on the subject which, perhaps, may amuse some of your numerous readers:—

Our fashionable belles and beaux,  
With all their sight entire,  
Stick up a glass before their nose,  
And each becomes a *spier*.  
Hail, times! hail, ton! hail, taste refined  
Which make e'en failings please,  
And finds a joy in being blind  
To every thing one sees.

Borough, June 1, 1824.

S. W.

## BALLOONS.

BALLOONING has got into bad hands—no one adventures for the purposes of science, but to get money, hence, with the exception of using common gas, there has been no improvement. An intrepid, but unskilful adventurer, Mr. Harris, who had the additional folly to take up with him a romantic maid-of-all-work, has, within the last fortnight, been killed in ballooning. A more successful adventure followed, that of Mr. Graham, on Wednesday the 2nd inst. He is so uxorious, that he even took his wife with him; and after travelling, from White Conduit House, a distance of forty miles, landed safely at Cuckfield, in Sussex, performing the same in one hour and forty minutes.

In No. 47 of the MIRROR, we gave some account of Balloons and Parachutes, and the following particulars from the *Percy Anecdotes* will now be read with interest:—

During the darkness of the middle ages, every one at all distinguished by his knowledge in physics, was generally reputed to have attained the power of flying in the air; this idea, however, which men of the first genius had once entertained,

appears to have gradually descended to a lower class of projectors, many of whom perished in their unskilful attempts.

We need not, however, remark on the extravagant projectors of former times, since, so late as the year 1755, and not long before the invention of balloons, a very fanciful scheme, for navigating the atmosphere, yet on the grandest scale, was made public by Joseph Galien, a Dominican friar, and professor of philosophy and theology at Avignon. This visionary proposed to collect the fine, diffuse air of the higher regions where hail is formed, above the summit of the loftiest mountains, and to enclose it in a bag of a cubical shape, and of the most enormous dimensions, extending a mile every way, and composed of the thickest sail cloth.—With such a vast machine, far outrivalling in boldness and magnitude the ark of Noah, it would be possible he thought to transport a whole army, and all their munitions of war!

The principles on which a balloon could be constructed had long been known to men of science; but to reduce these principles to complete effect, was still an enterprise of the most dazzling kind. This triumph over matter was at length achieved by the skill and perseverance of Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of the proprietor of an extensive paper manufactory at Annonay. The two brothers had long contemplated the project, and after some experiments, the first public ascent of a balloon was exhibited at their native town, on the 5th of June, 1783, amidst a very large concourse of spectators. They afterwards constructed a balloon on a larger scale at Paris. It reached the height of one thousand five hundred feet, where it appeared for a while suspended; but in eight minutes dropped to the ground, two miles from Paris. A sheep, a cock, and a duck, which had been put into the basket, the first animals ever carried up into the air, were found perfectly safe and unhurt by the journey: the sheep was even feeding at perfect ease.

The first aerial voyage ever made by man, was on the 21st of November, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier, a young naturalist of great promise, and full of ardour and courage, accompanied by the Marquess d'Arlandes, a major of infantry, who volunteered to accompany him, ascended from the Chateau de Muette, belonging to the Court of the Dauphin. About two o'clock the machine was launched, and it mounted with a steady and majestic pace. Wender, mingled with anxiety, was depicted in every countenance; but, when from their lofty station in the sky the na-

vigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were no longer discernible by the naked eye; they

..... In the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurn the ground; thence many a  
league.  
As in a cloudy chair ascending, ride,  
Audacious.

This balloon soared to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed by a circuitous route the whole of Paris, whose gay inhabitants were all absorbed in admiration and amazement.—The daring aeronauts, after a journey of twenty-four or twenty-five minutes, in which they described a track of six miles, safely alighted beyond the Boulevards.

Such was the prosperous issue of the first aerial navigation ever performed by mortals. It was a conquest of science which all the world could understand; and it flattered extremely the national vanity of the French, who hailed its splendid progress, and enjoyed the honour of their triumph.

Other experiments were now made in rapid succession, in which Messrs. Chas. and Robert Montgolfier, Andreani, Blanchard, Rozier, Proust, the Duke of Orleans, (Egalité), and Guyton Morveau, were the adventurers; some of whom soared to the immense height of thirteen thousand feet.

But the aerial voyage the most remarkable for its duration and adventures, was performed on the 18th of June, 1786, by M. Testu, in a balloon constructed by himself, furnished with auxiliary wings, filled as usual with hydrogen gas. He ascended at four o'clock P.M. and after reaching the height of three thousand feet, he softly alighted on a corn-field, in the plain of Montmorency; and without leaving the car, began to collect a few stones for ballast, when he was surrounded by the proprietor of the field and a troop of peasants, who insisted on being indemnified for the damage he had occasioned. Anxious now to disengage himself, and persuading them that his wings being broken, he was wholly at their mercy; they seized the stay of the balloon, which floated at some height, and dragged their prisoner through the air in a sort of triumph to the village; but M. Testu suddenly cut the cord, and took an abrupt leave of the clamorous and mortified peasants, and rose to the height of two thousand four hundred feet. He now heard the blast of a horn, and desisted huntmen below in full chase. Curious to witness the sport, he pulled the valve and de-



descended at eight o'clock between Etouen and Verville, when he set himself to gather some ballast. While he was thus occupied, the hunters galloped up to him. He mounted a third time, and passed through a dense body of clouds, in which thunder followed lightning in quick succession: but he

With fresh alacrity and force renewed,  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd, wings his way.

At half-past nine o'clock, when the sun had finally set, M. Testu was traversing the air at an altitude of three thousand feet. He was now quickly involved in darkness, and in the thickest mass of thunder clouds. The lightnings flashed on all sides, the cloud claps were incessant, and snow and sleet fell all around him. In this tremendous situation, the intrepid adventurer remained the space of three hours, the time during which the storm lasted. A calm at last succeeding, he had the pleasure to see the stars, and embraced this opportunity to take some refreshment. At half-past two o'clock the day broke in; but his ballast being nearly gone, and the balloon again dry and much elevated, he resolved to descend to the earth, and ascertain to what period he had been carried. At a quarter before four o'clock, having already seen the sun rise, he safely alighted near the village of Campreni, about sixty-three miles from Paris.

Almost the only useful purpose to which balloons have hitherto been applied with success, had for its object that of military *reconnaissance*; and in the early period of the French revolution, they were frequently used for that purpose with considerable advantage.

## Select Biography.

No. X.

### THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

IN the 49th Number of the MIRROR, there is an interesting account of the discovery of the steam-engine, illustrated with a curious engraving, and necessarily connecting the Marquis of Worcester with the invention, as the individual to whom "this wonderful machine has generally been ascribed." The following article, devoted to that celebrated man, may not, therefore, be uninteresting.

Collins traces this ancient house to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, son of Foulk, king of Jerusalem, by Maud, the empress, his wife, daughter of Henry I.

Edmonds says, "This illustrious family, whose blood has flown through the veins of kings, dukes, marquises, and earls, for more than 700 years, is lineally descended from John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, who gave the surname of Beaufort to all his children, by Catharine Swinford, (whom he afterwards married, and legitimated her children,) from the Castle of Beaufort, in Anjou, the place of their nativity. The present surname of Beaufort was assumed by Charles, natural son of Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, in whose brother Edmund, his successor, beheaded May 7, 1741, terminated the legitimate issue of John of Gaunt. This Charles Somerset was created Earl of Worcester by Henry VIII. in 1514. Charles I. created Henry, the fifth earl, Marquis of Worcester, in 1642; and Henry, the third marquis, was created Duke of Beaufort by Charles II., in 1682."

Edward Somerset, marquis of Worcester, but better known under the title of the earl of Glamorgan, enjoyed the confidence of Charles I., by whom he was employed on several very delicate and important state matters. But this nobleman is still more celebrated as a philosopher than a statesman, he having, in 1663, published a pamphlet, entitled, "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of Inventions, &c." To this work, which contains evident marks of the most extensive genius, or at least to the hints contained in it, we are thought to be indebted for the steam-engine, &c. of the present day. In the dedication of this work to the members of both houses of parliament, he informs them, that he had already sacrificed ten thousand pounds in his experiment, a sum so large as to astonish all readers, who are acquainted with the poverty to which he was reduced by the profuse assistance he (and his father before him) had rendered to the royal cause. This account, however, is cleared up by the following letter, from which we may conclude that he raised a considerable sum from his friends and others, by dividing his project into joint shares. It is addressed to Christopher Copley, Esq., a colonel in the army of the north, under General Fairfax. On the back is written, in Col. Copley's hand, "My Lord of Worcester's letter about my share in his engine."

"DEAR FRIEND,—I knowe not with what face to desire a curtesie from you, since I have not yet payed you the five poundes, and the mayne businesse soe long protracted, whereby my realty and kindnesse should with thankfullnesse appeare; for though the least I intende you

is to make up the somme already promised to a thousand pounds yearly, or a share amounting to four more, which, to nominate before the perfection of the worcke, were but an *individuum vagum*; and, therefore, I deferre it, and upon noe other score. Yet in this interim, my disappointments are soe great, as that I am forced to begge, if you could possible, eyther to helpe me with tenne pounds to this bearer, or to make use of the coche, and to go to Mr. Clerke, and if he could this day helpe me to fifty pounds, then to paye your selfe the five pounds I owe you out of them. Eyther of these will infinitely oblige me. The alderman has taken three days' time to consider of it. Pardon the great trouble I give you, which I doubt not but in time to deserve, by really appearing

"Your most thankfull friend,

"WORCESTER.

"28th of March, 1656.

"To my honoured friend, Collonel Christopher Coppley, these."

Such was the pecuniary distress of the ancestor of one of the wealthiest and most noble families in the kingdom. But it is well known that projectors of public works, seldom receive from them that remuneration to which they are most justly entitled. Sir Hugh Middleton was ruined by the New River, wonderfully beneficial as that undertaking has since proved; and, if any one invention were to be pointed out, as that to which Britain is most deeply indebted, it would be the steam-engine. What was the fate of its almost generally allowed inventor, the above letter declares.

F. R.—Y.

## Scientific Amusements.

No. V.

### *Intoxicating power of Nitrous Oxide Gas.*

THOUGH this gas is not fitted to support life, yet it may be respired for a short time, and the effects produced by it upon the animal frame, are its most extraordinary properties. The manner of breathing it is this: put nitrous oxide gas that has been purified by standing over water, into a large bladder, or varnished silk bag, having a wide glass tube, or a stop-cock with a large bore, affixed to its neck. Then, hold the bladder by the tube (closing the mouth of the tube by applying the thumb) in the right hand; close the nostrils with the left hand; expel the air contained in the lungs by a long expiration; and instantly apply the tube of the bladder to the

mouth, and breathe the gas from, and into, the bladder as long as possible, which, perhaps, will be about two or three minutes. What effects will be produced? Why, it is impossible to say; for they differ greatly according to the constitutions of the persons by whom the gas is respired. In general, however, they are *highly pleasurable*, and resemble those attendant on the agreeable part of intoxication. "Exquisite sensations of pleasure—an irresistible propensity to laughter—a rapid flow of vivid ideas—singular thrilling in the toes, fingers, and ears—a strong incitement to muscular motion"—are the ordinary feelings produced by it. The celebrated Mr. Wedgewood "after breathing the gas some time, threw the bag from him, and kept breathing on laboriously with an open mouth, holding his nose with his fingers, without power to remove them, though aware of the ludicrousness of his situation; he had a violent inclination to jump over the chairs and tables, and seemed so light, that he thought he was going to fly." What is exceedingly remarkable, is, that the intoxication thus produced, instead of being succeeded by the debility subsequent to intoxication by fermented liquors, does, on the contrary, generally render the person who takes it cheerful and high-spirited for the remainder of the day.

### *To cause Water to boil on the surface of Ice.*

To effect this, first freeze a quantity of water in the bottom of a long glass tube, closed at one end, either by exposure to cold air, or by means of a *freezing mixture*; say equal parts of nitrate of ammonia and water. Then cover the cake of ice by a quantity of water, and hold the tube (without handling the part of it containing the ice) in such a manner over a lamp, that the surface of the water may be heated to the point of boiling: for this, the tube requires to be placed in a diagonal direction, which is such as allows the water at the top of it to be heated, while the ice remains unheated below.

### *A Metal which bursts into flame when thrown upon cold water.*

PLACE a piece of potassium of about two grains' weight, upon cold water in a basin, when it will inflame.

### *To make Waves of Fire on the surface of Water.*

ON a lump of loaf sugar, let fall a few drops of phosphorized ether, and place

the sugar in a glass of warm water; a very beautiful appearance will be instantly exhibited, and the effect is increased, if the surface of the water is made to undulate, by blowing gently with the breath.

*To make Faces and Hands Luminous; so that, in the Dark, they appear as if on Fire.*

THOUGH the phosphorized oil and ether are luminous in the dark, yet they have not the power to burn any thing; so that either of them may be rubbed on the face and hands without danger; and the appearance thereby produced is most hideously frightful. All the parts of the face that have been rubbed, appear to be covered with a luminous, bluish flame, and the mouth and eyes appear as black spots.—When the bottles containing phosphorized oil and ether are opened in the dark, light enough to tell the hour on a watch is evolved.—*Chemical Recreations.*

## The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### THE LEE PENNY.

A NEW Romance, called "The Witch-Finder," from the pen of the author of "The Lollards," "Other Times," and "Calthorpe," has just issued from the press. It contains many singular pictures of the state of the Drama, from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Charles the Second; and Lowen, one of the original actors in some of Shakspeare's plays, is a principal character. The veteran is here brought forward as landlord of the sign of *The Three Pigeons*, at Brentford, which house he actually kept during the Protectorate. It, besides, contains some very minute accounts of the proceedings then had recourse to for the purpose of detecting Witches, with a variety of occult information, brought together from different sources. Many romantic facts connected with the history are here in a manner dramatised—such as the compelling a suspected murderer to take the murdered person by the hand—the binding of an association of villains by a bond signed with their own blood—and the horrid mercy of sparing a person condemned, on condition of his becoming the executioner of his friend and brother offender. Among other things, "*The Lee Penny*" is de-

scribed, and the following facts are stated respecting it, which are really true,—at least those which go to prove the high estimation in which its virtues were held, and which once the people of Newcastle believed could save them from the plague:

"And what," demanded Challoner, "is the *Lee Penny*?"

"It is this which you see," replied Thorpe, exultingly displaying a small, dark, red stone, of a triangular shape, rudely set in a piece of silver, which had once been in circulation as a coin, and which, from the cross and the letters still visible, appeared to have been a shilling of the time of Edward the First.

Challoner examined the *Lee Penny* with some attention, but soon returned it, with a look of surprise and expression of countenance which spoke him reluctant to indulge in any comment on this subject.

"Have you seen it before?" Thorpe inquired.

"I do not know. This is one of those objects which, without any great effort of forgetfulness, might be speedily dismissed from memory."

"Then know, Sir, that this stone has been in the same family for nearly three hundred and forty years."

"Sir, I am too vulgar in my ideas to esteem a worthless man on account of his being of an old family, and I am not more disposed to attach importance to a paltry stone for its antiquity, than to a fellow creature who can boast of nothing but his genealogy."

"But this stone's least claim to notice is that which rests on its age. When Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, carried the heart of King Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, it was his fortune to make a Saracen prisoner on his way. The wife of the prisoner came to ransom him, and while telling over the sum to be paid, this stone fell from a purse of jewels which she carried. The impatient eagerness with which the lady sought to recover it attracted the notice of Sir Simon, who, being a man of great discernment—"

"Perceived all its wonderful virtues at once," said Challoner, sarcastically anticipating the sequel of a narrative which almost provoked, from its extravagance, a mirthful smile even from him.

"I do not state that," said Thorpe, "but Sir Simon saw that great importance was attached to it, and he, therefore, refused to liberate the Saracen unless that stone were handed over to him. The lady expostulated, but in vain, and at length she gave it to the knight, first instructing him in the many virtues which belonged to it."

"Indeed! and what were they?"

"By dipping this stone into the water from which cattle are permitted to drink, all disease among them will be prevented. It thus most effectually counteracts some of the charms of those who have commerce with the devil, for the purpose of harming their neighbours' property.—Used in the same way, it is, moreover, a sovereign cure for the bite of a mad dog. No words are to be uttered when the stone is dipped, and therefore no mistake can be made."

"I dare say not. And can you really have faith in this nonsense?"

"Nay, if I am imposed upon, it is in very good company. Many have gone wearisome journeys to seek relief from the wonder-working powers of this same stone; nor is the period remote when the inhabitants of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, finding the plague very prevalent in their town, applied to the Laird for the loan of the *Lee Penny*. Their prayer was granted, a large sum of money being deposited in trust for the same, and its powerful effects were soon so visible, that the borrowers would gladly have given a great price for it, if the Laird had been disposed to sell it."

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### SECRETS OF THE MODERN SPANISH INQUISITION.

FERDINAND VII. in his re-appearance on the summit of the Pyrenees, after his exile, might well be compared to a disastrous comet, boding every species of plague to the unhappy Spaniards. He destroyed, in his ingratitude, the constitutional system, to which he was indebted for his personal liberty. Ignorance, superstition, and every kind of feudal abuse, were fostered by him into poisonous vigour. He re-established with alacrity the tribunal of the Holy Office, for no purpose of religion (his character is destitute of it), but, as an instrument of terror and vengeance—as a means of subduing, by the horrors of incarceration, all that was virtuous, liberal, and enlightened. From that fatal moment, not a day passed but some unfortunates were torn from the bosom of their families, to be plunged into the vaults of the Inquisition; and, in some instances, to undergo every refinement in the art of torture. Such was the rage for the finding or making the victims, that the dungeons were speedily crowded. A single accusation at Valencia sufficed for the com-

mittal to the Inquisition, of twenty-five individuals, together with the accusing party. At Murcia, the arrest of at least two hundred persons was occasioned by a single charge. At Madrid, at Granada, at St. Jacques, every where, in short, were victims seized upon, without regard to age, sex, condition, or services rendered. A Spanish nobleman (the Count de Montigo) who was immured in the cells of the Holy Office, recovered his liberty only through the Revolution of 1820, the interests of which, however, he subsequently betrayed. Two generals, MM. Torrigio and Almedovar, who had received many wounds during the war for independence—various superior officers, persons belonging to the finance department, priests and monks, women and children, all were hurried away into the same dreadful confinement.

Out of a number of facts which we could cite, the following anecdote, to the authenticity of which we pledge ourselves, may suffice for an example:—Mr. E——, distinguished as a man of letters, and attached to an important branch of the state administration, was arrested and conducted to the Inquisition at Madrid, for having expressed, as was alleged, irreligious opinions; but, in reality, liberal opinions. Moreover, as it was expected to be shewn that these expressions had been uttered in presence of his wife, who had not denounced him to the Holy Office, she was likewise committed to the same dungeon. This unfortunate couple had a young and only child, whom Madame E—— brought with her, and who died in the Inquisition through cold and improper food. The king, who from a dearth of occupation, sometimes took a fancy to prison-sights, chanced to present himself at the door of the cell where the scarcely cold corpse of the child was lying. Madame E—— threw herself at his feet, and with tears implored release from a place, where every thing would inflict on her memory the last agonies of her child. Her youth, beauty, and virtue, the eloquence of her grief, and the force of her despair, moved to pity all who heard her except Ferdinand, who brutally turned away!

We cannot refrain from noting down here the famous mandate of M. Mirry Campillo, the Inquisitor-general, which was read in every church in Spain, on the first Sunday in Lent, 1815:—"His Excellency, the Grand Inquisitor, joins all Confessors, under pain of excommunication, to denounce to the Holy Office such persons as may have confessed themselves to belong to the order of Freemasonry!" Is it possible for business

to proceed farther than this? Yes; several confessors were found to comply with the order of his excellency!! The king took an undisguised part in all these infamies, and appointed judges belonging to the criminal tribunals to aid in the inquisitorial examinations.

With regard to trials like these, it may easily be imagined that contradictions, absurdities, and falsehoods, were their customary foundation. Whether a prisoner denied the pretended crime, or in despair suffered himself to avow it, he was sure to be sent back to his confinement. The only indulgence shewn was to those who were base enough to denounce fresh victims.

Some account remains to be given of the inhuman conduct of the jailors towards the incarcerated on Ferdinand's revival of the Inquisition. What shall we say when we hear the case of an unhappy chaplain, in the regiment of Lorenna, whilst in Murcia, who, after a popular commotion had restored him to liberty, took the violent alternative of drowning himself in a well rather than return to the Inquisition? What shall we say when informed, that a young officer of the same regiment was driven to madness and suicide at Valencia? The most complete information, however, with which we can supply our readers on this head, will be a condensed account of what has been communicated to us by a patriotic magistrate, who was shut up during fifteen months in the Inquisition at Valencia; and is at this moment in London.

M. G—— was arrested the 27th of January, 1819, whilst in bed, at two o'clock in the morning. His papers were sealed up, and all explanation was withheld. He was conducted to the Inquisition, distant only fifty paces from his house, by endless turnings and windings. When there, he was made to halt suddenly before a little private door. The chief of the escort, a judge of the criminal court, gave a mysterious and preconcerted kind of knock. A jailor presented himself, and demanded, with solemnity of utterance, which was the judge and which the accused. This point ascertained, he took the two in with him, leaving the others outside. The door closed on them, and all was involved in darkness and silence. The jailor, groping along, and without a syllable of speech, conducted his two companions through the intricate labyrinth of corridors, now ascending staircases, and now descending. This course of involutions occupied about twenty minutes. Their conductor suddenly stopped, and clapping thrice

with his hands, was answered in like manner from above. Two folding-doors opened with a startling sound, and a wide, well-lighted staircase was displayed to view. This brought them to a hall hung with black velvet, having a table in its centre covered with the like sable colour, a silver crucifix, and two candles of green wax. At this table stood two inquisitors, habited in full ceremony—the square cap, the cross of honour, green neck-kerchiefs, and green sleeves. One of these personages was recognised by M. G—— as one of the friends of his boyhood, a fellow-collegian; the other was a man whom he was in the daily habit of seeing, and who had, indeed, discoursed with him but a few hours before in the most amicable way. Neither of them, however, gave him the least sign of recognition, or shewed, either then or in the sequel, the least disposition to soften his state of suffering. They began by gravely chanting forth some verses of the Psalm *Exsurge Dei*, &c. and then demanded of the criminal his name and profession. The jailor was thereupon told to do his duty. This consisted in conducting M. G—— to a dungeon, eight feet square, (having a grated skylight without glass), and in leaving him there without a candle, or even a pitcher of water. After remaining thus for three days, he was supplied with a wretched mattress and a chair. These formed, during fifteen months, the whole of his furniture. His sustenance was a dish of rice every twenty-four hours, with half-a-pound of brown bread, and, in the mornings, a cup of diluted stuff miscalled chocolate. His jailors, seen only at these periods, always maintained the silence of statues. The light of the day in this living tomb was but of five hours' duration.

On one occasion, the barber who was sent to shave the unfortunate prisoner, contrived to slip into his hands a letter from his wife, together with a pencil and a bit of paper to facilitate a reply. Delighted at this unexpected consolation, M. G—— perused and kissed a thousand times the cherished lines. His reply was soon prepared—but, alas! the Argus-eyed turnkeys had conceived suspicions, the result of which was a discovery, and the consignment of the poor barber to one of the prison-rooms, where he was kept until 1820. His successor in office shewed none of the zeal of pity. After three months' incarceration, M. G—— underwent his first regular examination in the same hall, and with the same ceremony. One of the inquisitors made a sort of opening oration on the justice and

*benignity* of the Holy Office (these were wonderfully borne witness to by the livid and haggard countenance of their victim), and proceeded to tell him that the tribunal knew already *the whole*, even to the precise day, place, and hour, when M. G—— had been present, with other accomplices, at a masonic meeting; that it was, consequently, useless to deny it; and that the tribunal, in calling on him now for his confession, desired merely to find a pretext for extending towards him the indulgence allowed to penitents, &c. &c. M. G——, not to be duped by this mode of address, protested openly against it. The addition of menaces and insults could not shake his firmness; and he was taken back to his confinement. Some months afterwards he was again summoned into the same presence, but with the like result; and from that period he was no longer interrogated. Being seized with illness, through the various miseries and horrors of his situation, he several times implored the aid of a physician; but was answered that when his life should be in danger, that would be granted him! When reduced to the extreme of weakness, and no longer able to rise from his mattress, he requested the presence of the inquisitors, and besought them most touchingly for some nourishment of a more wholesome kind, adding that his family would remunerate such attention. "Your family has abandoned you, Sir," replied these impostors; "they will listen to no application on the part of a reprobate; and, as for the tribunal, it has no funds for the amelioration of your treatment!!"

Such a series of infamous usage must inevitably have proved fatal to M. G——, had not these dens of horror been thrown open by the effect of the king's oath to the Constitution on the 9th of March, 1820. The following day brought the decrees to Valencia, and the people went *en masse* to burst open the gates of the Inquisition. Half an hour previously, and when the news was already known every where, one of the jailors had the inhuman assurance to tell M. G—— that he, at least, should never escape from his place of lodging!—*New Monthly Magazine*.

### THE GHOST.

In all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed in apparitions: yet we may confidently affirm, that stories of ghosts are mistakes, or impositions, and that they may always be detected by a proper exercise of the mental faculty. In all nations of this kind, there is manifestly

an endeavour to make the events as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the west of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence, that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened; and the form, in white, of the dying or the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but, *now*, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed laws*



of nature, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfused*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice, he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. \*\*\*," whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death, I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient*! He was delicious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed, and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."—*Lady's Magazine*.

### Miscellanies.

#### A LOVE LETTER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"To my right well-beloved cousin, John Paston, Esq. be this letter delivered, &c.

"Right worshipful and well-beloved Valentine.

"In my most humble wise, I recommend me unto you, &c. And heartily I thank you for the letter, which that ye send me by John Beckerton, whereby I understand and know, that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter, but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you; I would be the most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter may grow to effect. And whereas [whereas] ye say, and [if] ye come and find the matter no more towards you than ye did aforetime, ye would no more put my father and my lady, my mother, to no cost nor business, for that

cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavy; and if that ye come, and the matter take to none effect, then should I be much more sorry, and full of heaviness.

"And as for myself, I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth; and I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an 100*l.* and five marks, [3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*] which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire.

"Wherefore, if that ye should be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground; and if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore; good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labour upon you, as to come more for that matter. But let [what] is, pass, and never more to be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and beadwoman during my life.

"No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both body and soul, &c.

"By your Valentine,

"MARGERY BREWS."

"Topcroft, 1476-7."

#### THE BEGGAR OF ALGIERS.

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, a Greek merchant resided at Algiers, who used every year to make a voyage to Tunis, or Egypt, to dispose of the commodities he had purchased from the Moors and the trading ships from Europe. While he continued to carry on this branch of commerce, a countryman of his paid the debt of nature, left him his executor, and, among his legacies, ordered a certain sum of money to be disposed of among the indigent and distressed. One morning, as the merchant was passing through the street, he saw a Moor sitting on a piece of mat, lame, and almost blind. Struck with an object that seemed an epitome of human miseries, the Greek listened to his moving tale, and beheld, with a pleasing satisfaction, that this deplorable object employed himself in making thread laces, by which, and the charity of the benevolent, he procured a scanty subsistence. So unusual a sight, where wretchedness and industry were so remarkably blended in the same object, excited the compassion of the merchant, who, with a generous tear of humanity, dropped him a handful of aspers. Astonished at so unexpected an instance of kindness, the beggar followed the merchant on his crutches, calling upon Heaven

to shower down its choicest blessings on his head. He told all he met how exceedingly bountiful that christian had been to him. Struck with this instance of liberality, the populace joined the cripple in his applauses. This, said they, is indeed an instance of universal benevolence, because extended to a person whose religion is different from his own.

The beggar followed his patron till he discovered the house in which he resided, and took his post for the future in a place where the merchant passed daily by him. Next day the beggar repeated his request, and the merchant his charity. He was persuaded he could not discharge the will of his late friend better than by giving to this distressed object, as it seemed to have a tendency to make the infidels in love with the benevolent tendency of the gospel; he therefore continued his daily benevolence, till the time of his departure for Egypt.

The beggar still kept his post, but, missing his benefactor, he made inquiry after him, and had the mortification to be informed that he was not in the kingdom. Whenever his clerk passed by the beggar, he always lifted up his hands to Heaven, and prayed for his master's safe return, which did not happen till near six months after. The beggar expressed his joy at seeing him; but, when the merchant, in return for his kind expressions, was going to repeat his usual benevolence, the cripple declined accepting it, saying it was better to pay him all his arrears at once. Confounded at so strange a refusal, the merchant asked what he meant by arrears? To which the Moor replied, that, as he had been absent near six months, his daily benevolence, which had been omitted during his voyage, now amounted to one hundred and eighty rials, which was the sum he now owed him. The Greek smiled at the impertinent answer of the beggar, and was for some time in doubt whether it merited contempt or chastisement. But, thinking the latter would be considered as cruel by the people, he left him without deigning to return him an answer.

The beggar, however, laid his complaint before the Dey, and the merchant was sent for to make his defence.—The Moor alleged that the merchant, during a whole month, had daily given him a rial, but that his charity had not been thrown away; it had greatly augmented the number of his customers, and proved to him an increasing fund of riches; that so considerable an income had induced him to lay aside his business of making thread laces, which was to him a very painful operation, as he had almost lost

his sight; that the merchant went away without giving him the least warning that his pension was to cease, and he had, therefore, constantly kept his post, where he had daily offered up his prayers for his safe return; that, relying on the payment of his pension, he had contracted some debts which he was unable to discharge; and that, when he had demanded his arrears, he had laughed at him, and even threatened to chastise his insolence. The merchant admitted that the account given by the Moor was literally true; but insisted that, alms being a voluntary action, its continuance depended wholly on the donor. After a discussion of the affair in council, the merchant was condemned to pay the beggar a rial for every day since his departure to the time of this decision, with a piaster extraordinary as a recompense for his reproaches. But he was told he was at liberty to declare that his intention was not to give him any alms or gratuity for the time to come. This the merchant many times protested, adding, that such a sentence would not soon be forgotten.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

IN the war in Flanders, the celebrated Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," attended the English army in the quality of almoner. One day, being deeply engaged in reading the tragedies of *Eschylus*, he entered, in his reverie, the camp of the enemy. He was surprised to find himself seized: he was taken as a spy, and conducted to the general. The Doctor informed him of his name, which he was no stranger to, and told, with the greatest simplicity, the circumstances of his adventure; on which he was received with the greatest distinction, and had soon the liberty of returning to the English camp.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

The *Portrait of Lord Byron* which we promised, is just finished, and is an admirable likeness of the illustrious bard. It is engraved on steel, and will be presented gratuitously with an early number of the *Mirror* as soon as the requisite number of copies can be worked off, which, however, on account of the extent of our circulation, will be three weeks.

The following communications have been received: and many of them will have immediate insertion, and the others will be decided on in a few days:—

*Edgar, Tabor, H. L., Proteus, Historians, G. B., M. N., J. M. C., H. B., Negro, Nemo, H. C., George Bland, Criticus, C. Mortimer, &c. &c.*

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